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Rev. J. W. Jackson

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Given to the Rev. W. L. Smith by J. W. Jackson.

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by J. J. Conley

Given by Rev. W. L. Smith to the Rev. H. Cotton, 1817.

158852-B

H.C.



THE
Romance of Octavian,
EMPEROR OF ROME,

ABRIDGED FROM

A MANUSCRIPT IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.



OXFORD,
PRINTED BY COLLINGWOOD AND CO.
1809.

TO

E. B. IMPEY, Esq.

THIS TRIFLE IS,

IN TESTIMONY OF SINCERE REGARD,

DEDICATED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE metrical Romance, of which the following pages contain an abstract, is preserved among the manuscripts bequeathed by Hatton to the Bodleian Library, (No. 100.) It is written on parchment, of a quarto form, and small size, (scarcely exceeding the height of a modern duodecimo.) The hand-writing appears to be of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It is without illuminations, and has been in some places slightly injured. The length of the Poem amounts to about 5600 lines.

Such is, perhaps, the only transcript at present existing of a work, which in its day appears to have enjoyed no inconsiderable share of popularity. It is enumerated by more than one authority among the Romances of the highest repute, and appears, from a document preserved by Tyrwhitt, to

have furnished a subject for the tapestry which ornamented the palace of Henry the Fifth*. A translation, or rather abridgment in English verse, in most respects far inferior to the original, is contained in an highly curious volume of manuscript English poetry, preserved in the British Museum. (MS. Cotton. Caligula. A. 1.) From that volume the late Mr. Ritson extracted many of the metrical Romances published *by him in* ~~in his collection.~~ *the year* It were to be wished, that *1803.* the rarity of Octavian had induced that accurate antiquary to admit it into his collection. Another poem with the same title is said by Warton to be preserved in the public library at Cambridge: this the present Editor has not had any opportunity of consulting. He cannot discover that any other copies, either of the original or translation, are extant in England; nor (as far as his researches have extended) does any notice of it occur in French writers on these

* See the Glossary to Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, under the word *Octavien*: and Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. pp. 119, and 207.

subjects. The copious and well-arranged catalogue of early French productions, affixed to the *Dictionnaire de la Langue Romane* of Roquefort, does not mention it. While, however, in these countries, our Romance has gradually sunk into oblivion, it has experienced in another quarter a fate somewhat different, though perhaps not less dishonourable. The Editor is informed by Mr. Weber, (whose extensive and accurate acquaintance with the literature of the middle ages, is joined to the greatest affability and readiness in supplying information,) that the story of Octavian still forms the subject of a popular "Chap Book" in Germany.

With respect to the present abstract, the Editor was induced to undertake it, both from the extreme scarcity, and from what appeared to himself the singular merit of the original. There are some perhaps, to whom this praise will seem exaggerated: but it may be urged in his defence, that those, whose acquaintance with the early writers of Romance extends only to such works as are preserved in an English dress,

will form but a scanty and unfair estimate of their powers, either of expression or versification. At the period which gave birth to these fictions, our language was in a state by no means favourable to poetical composition. It had lost not only many of the words and phrases, but much also of the stateliness and uniformity of its parent Saxon; and what had been borrowed from the French, was as yet too scanty, and too imperfectly incorporated with the original dialect, to supply the deficiency. Add to this, that our native romancers appear to have been but little solicitous, either as to beauty of style, or correctness and harmony of measure. Their audience, probably, required nothing more of them than a story: even for this they were in most instances content to draw upon their neighbours; and if it proved sufficiently fruitful of adventures or merriment, the end of the minstrel was answered. But their French contemporaries, enjoying the advantage of a language infinitely more copious, uniform, and polished, had studied with far greater attention its application to poetry. The

effects of this will be readily traced in the comparative variety of their rhymes, the superior melody of their versification, and occasionally in the more intricate and artificial structure of their metrical systems. Their descriptive passages are more elaborate and pleasing; they seldom disgust by that continual recurrence of unmeaning expletives, so obvious in their English imitators, and their compositions frequently appear intended as well for perusal as repetition. The praise of originality and invention belongs to them (as far as our knowledge extends) almost exclusively.

Under these impressions, the Editor cannot but wish, that the task of making known those treasures of early French poetry, which are contained in many of our public libraries, may be undertaken by persons whose talents and opportunities render them more fully capable of its execution. The labours of Mr. Way, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Rose, have already been successfully directed towards this object. By the translations of the former, in particular, we have been made acquainted

acquainted with the most beautiful and unexceptionable of the Fabliaux, and the impression of Barbasan, has facilitated our access to the originals. But still many poems, especially of the romantic kind, remain unpublished, if not unknown.

A sincere wish of promoting (however slightly) the knowledge of so interesting a branch of our national antiquities, has induced the Editor to offer this trifling contribution. He has only to add, that it has been his uniform endeavour to adhere to his original with the most scrupulous fidelity that the nature of an abridgment would admit. Some inaccuracies, either in the work itself, or in the notes attached to it, may still have escaped his notice; and of many inelegancies, both in composition and language, he cannot but feel conscious. At the same time he trusts, that some indulgence may fairly be claimed even for the errors of one, whose motive in writing is at least pardonable, and who is totally unaccustomed to write for the press.

OCTAVIAN.



Ἡ δαύματα πολλά.
Καὶ πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
Ἵππερ τὸν ἀληθῆ λόγον
Διδαδάλμινι ψιθίσι παικίλοις
Ἐξασπατῶντι μῦθον.

PINDARI, Ol. i. l. 43.

**Ací comence la Romaz de Othebien,
Emperor de Rome.**

• SEIGNEOR preudo or escoutès
Q' les bonès chancos amès
Dune tant bone oir porrès
Ja de meilleur dire norrès
Des gñts m'veilles q̄ st faites
E de Latin en Romanz traites.

• Listen, Lords and Gentles, you who delight in good songs; you may now hear one so good, that you never heard tell of a better. It is of the great wonders which happened, and have been translated from the Latin into the Romance. In the days that have long since past, there was at Paris a King, who was named Dagobert. Never was man born more high-minded, or who knew better how to protect his country, and annoy his enemies. He took to him a wife of high renown, elegant in her person and manners. He had a father of high courage, for he was of the loftiest birth; hardy was he, and brave. Clotaire was his name. Dagobert, of whom you hear me tell, was the founder of Saint Denys. Much did he love the Almighty, and firmly did he believe in him. Clotaire was in extreme age, and so fell into great sickness. He prepared to give a wife to his son, and to crown him king of his dominions.

Apres un jor qui jadis fu
 Ot a Paris un Roi avēnu
 Qui Dagonb's fu apeles,
 Plus fiert home de lui ne fu nes
 Ne miex seust terre tenir
 Ne ses anemis estormir.
 Fāme prist de gñt renon
 Gent de cors et de facon.
 Un pere avoit de fier corage
 Car moult estoit de haut lignage
 M'lt durent estoit preudon
 Loteires fu nomès par non.
 Dagonbert dont m'oies conter
 Fist Sant Denis faire fonder
 M'lt ama Diex omnipotent
 E crust en Diex m'lt fermement
 Loteires fu de m'lt gñt aage
 Et se chei en grant malage
 Fāme p'stuoit a so fil doner
 Et de le Roiaume coroner.

Lotheire, therefore, issues from his city of
 Paris, orders to all his nobles and dependents

En Normandie et en Paitou
 Et en Borgoīne et en Anjou
 En Alemagne et en Roissie
 Et en le terre de Hongrie.

to attend his Courpleniére, where, amidst the necessary accompaniments of feast and tournament, he resigns the crown to his son. And now shall you hear a marvellous adventure, which occurred about this same time at Rome. Otheviene, the Emperor of that city, had taken to wife a peerless lady, the sister of Dagobert. This union was not at first blessed by any progeny. At length, however, the Queen became the mother of two children by her husband, greatly to the joy of both parties; though in the sequel it proved the source of the most cruel misfortunes. And thus it happened: soon after the Queen's delivery, the old mother of Otheviene (la Vielle que Diex puisse honir) bursts into the chamber, and accuses her of adultery, upon the extraordinary grounds of its being impossible

Que un fāme peust avoir
 II Enfan enseble a un lit
 Se II homes na son delit.

She is with difficulty prevented by the attendants from strangling the children; and at last, after a torrent of abuse and threats, quits the apartment, for the purpose of repeating her accusations to Otheviene. Her artifice succeeds so far, as to induce her son to absent himself from his cham-

ber at night, under pretence of going to perform his devotions at St. Peter's church. In the mean time, (by the promise of a mark of silver, a good robe, a good courser, and the honour of knight-hood,) she prevails on a youth of the court to suffer himself to be conveyed to the bed of her innocent victim, when herself and her attendants are buried in sleep. She then introduces the King, who, in the first transports of his rage, kills the supposed paramour; and the next day assembles a tribunal of his Barons, for the purpose of passing judgment on the Queen. This tribunal, partly induced by the apparent reality of her guilt, and partly by the persuasions of her inveterate enemy, declare it their opinion, that Otheviene ought to pronounce immediate sentence of punishment. This is accordingly done, and preparations are made for burning her alive.

At length she is brought from her prison to the place of execution, where, by the earnestness of her prayers, she obtains permission once more to address her husband. She then protests her innocence in the most pathetic manner, and adjures him to save her life, reminding him at the same time of his marriage oath.

Por Diex, f̃t ele, Otheviene
Or esgardi se tu fais bien

Quant tu a fame me pris
 Tu me juras et plevis
 Que tu le mien cors garderoies
 Come le tuen, si le pooies
 Gentix Roi, pr Diex entent
 Se tu gardes ton sairement.*

The Emperor, (although he cannot persuade himself of her innocence,) is yet so much affected by this appeal, as to declare, greatly to the disappointment of his mother, that her life shall be granted her, and her sentence commuted for that of banishment. Five knights are appointed to convoy herself and her infants, with all possible speed, beyond the boundaries of the kingdom of Rome. This they were probably not long in accomplishing; for the next line acquaints us, that they travelled thirty leagues in one day. Having executed their orders, they left the Queen, her infants, and her palfrey, on the borders of a large wood. Here, agitated by the most cruel passions, and almost heedless of her safety, she soon lost

* Before God, (exclaimed she,) see now, Otheviene, if thou actest well. When thou tookest me to wife, thou didst swear to me, and pledge thyself, that thou wouldest, as thou wert able, preserve my body even as thine own. Gentle King, in the name of God, look that thou keep thy oath.

the direct path, and wandered through the intricacies of the forest, till she arrived at a clear fountain, shaded by the most beautiful trees. She alights, for the purpose of slaking her excessive thirst; gives the breast to her infants, weeps over them, and at last, overcome by grief and weariness, falls into a profound sleep. Scarcely had this happened, when an animal, very seldom, I believe, made the instrument of these heroic adventures,

Un viex Singe gros et mau faisant,

seized and made off with one of the children. We must for the present leave the unconscious mother, and follow the fortunes of her little one. The ape, delighted with his prize, had now got to a considerable distance from the fountain, when a knight, who was roaming unaccompanied through the forest in quest of adventures, met and deprived him at once of his plaything and his life. Soon after, the knight is in his turn attacked by a party of tén robbers; against whom he defends himself with great bravery, till, after having killed four, and wounded three of them, he is constrained to lay the child on the ground, for the purpose of more readily disembarassing himself of the remaining three. They, however, find it more to their purpose to seize the child,

and fly, while his wounds prevent him from following them with any success. They then make the best of their way to the nearest sea-port town, and expose their prize to sale. While they are chaffering with some merchants, of whom they demand forty livres for him, an honest pilgrim, by name Clement, arrives at the port, on his road to his native country, France. He is immediately struck with the beauty of the infant, and draws on himself no small ridicule, by voluntarily purchasing him at the extravagant price of an hundred pieces of gold. Scarcely has he concluded his bargain, before he begins to meditate with great seriousness on his imprudence, and its probable consequences: his meditations, however, produce no other effect, than the additional expence of an ass, for the purpose of carrying the young foundling. By the assistance of this useful animal, they reached Paris in safety: and the wife of Clement, captivated as much and as suddenly as her spouse by the child's beauty, receives it into the house with the most unsuspecting goodnature, and agrees to bring it up as her own. Leaving him then for the present thus comfortably settled in the family of the good Clement, let us return to the Queen, whom we left sleeping by the fountain. Upon her awaking, she is distracted by the sudden discovery, that one

of her children is lost probably for ever, and that the other is upon the point of suffering a like fate, an enormous lioness having at that instant seized upon, and conveyed it towards the thickest recesses of the forest. The unhappy mother immediately mounts her palfrey, in the fruitless hope of recovering her treasure. Her pursuit is at first eluded by the superior swiftness of the spoiler; and (though continued with unabated ardour for eight successive days) is finally rendered abortive by an accident, which, however its truth may be questioned by the incredulous, must yet be confessed, by a reader of romances, to account satisfactorily enough for her disappointment. The lioness, having reached the sea-shore, was attacked by an immense dragon, who, with very little exertion, constrained her to submit to a rather unpleasant journey through the air, which terminated in their arrival on a neighbouring island. Here the lioness, perceiving the monster somewhat fatigued by his excursion, became in her turn the assailant; and, after a furious contest, left her enemy dead on the spot. Thus victorious, she turns all her care to the sustenance and welfare of the royal innocent. Florens becomes the playmate of her cubs, and is nourished with her own milk; the virtues of this noble aliment being doubtless increased by her

feeding daily (as we are told) on the flesh of the vanquished griffin. In the interim, the Queen, at the end of her eight days' search, meets, near the sea-shore, a company of mariners, preparing to embark for Palestine; and, anxious to obtain the more especial protection of that power, from which alone she could now expect any alleviation of her sorrows, requests and obtains permission to accompany them to the land "*ou Diex prist mort et vie.*" Scarcely has she related to them the history of her misfortunes, when they accidentally touch at the very island which contained her dearest treasure. Here some of the crew having disembarked, discover, to their astonishment, the lioness and child, laying together, in the most friendly manner, in the den of the former. On their return, they relate this extraordinary occurrence to their shipmates; and the Queen, deaf to all the well-meant entreaties of the crew, and intent upon rescuing her infant, determines to rush, as they suppose, upon certain destruction. The only precautions their solicitude can prevail on her to adopt are of a religious nature. After confessing herself to the chaplain of the vessel,

• Droit au Lion sa voie tourne.

La Dame sen va bien garnie

* Strait she bends her way towards the lioness. The

c

Li Chapelains li a bailliè
Le stole et léaue benaitè.

Thus equipped, she receives their promise to wait a short time, in hopes of her return ; lands, discovers the den, and, by the virtue of her prayers, and sanctity of her character, is enabled to subdue the ferocity of the lioness, who kneels at her feet, and allows her to recover her infant. But though she tacitly consents to the Empress's resuming her maternal functions, she appears by no means ready to give up her own claims to the character of the child's protectress. She

fait mlt bian semblant,

and in this courteous guise escorts them (in spite of all the efforts of the crew to prevent it) on board the vessel. The mariners, in a state of considerable perturbation, threaten to throw the Queen and her infant overboard, unless their unwelcome visitor will consent to make her retreat. The Queen soon pacifies them, however, by answering for her good behaviour ; and, as she evinces no disposition to forfeit this character, they set sail, and continue for some time to live together

lady goes well furnished. The chaplain has lent her the sacred vestments, (stole,) and the holy water.

m̄lt chierement. One accident only occurs, during their voyage, to disturb this perfect harmony.

• Un ome ivre et mal apris

pays his addresses to the Queen, and, having failed in his eloquence, attempts more violent measures to compass his design; which the lioness witnessing, speedily frustrates, by tearing him to pieces. The rest of the crew, reverencing the virtue of their beautiful companion, and feeling, probably, some additional respect for the fangs and teeth of her attendant, make no difficulty of acquiescing in a sense of the justice of his punishment; though, perhaps, they are not altogether sorry, on their safe arrival at Acre, to get rid of this extraordinary trio, who immediately join the train of pilgrims for the holy sepulchre. After having paid her devotions at this place, the Queen fixes her abode at the house of a Gentilex ome, who had been induced, by the fame of her adventures, and the singularity of her appearance, (for the lioness had never left her,) to make her an offer of his hospitality. To our notions of female decorum, the readiness with which this offer is accepted, might appear somewhat revolting. But we must remember, that the Queen has a formidable ally for

• A drunken and ill-mannered fellow.

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the protection of her virtue; and the benevolent gentleman might possibly enter into some recognition for his good behaviour, as we are told, that he " *prist treves au lions."

In the mean time, her other son had been baptized, and named Florens, by the care of the good Clement, with whose family and situation it is now time that the reader should become somewhat acquainted.

b Clemens, come lóí conter,
 Un Enfant out et bel et gent
 Gladouains l'apelent la gent
 Ambedui furent compainons
 Mes Florens sembloit plus fiers homes
 Ambedui cuidoient estre freres
 E feussent engendre dun peres.
 Climens estoit bien aisies,
 A Sain Germain fu herbergies.

* made a truce with the lioness.

b Clement (as I heard the tale) had a son, both fair and gentle; people called him Glauvain. They were both companions, but Florens appeared the haughtier. They both believed themselves to be brothers, and that they sprung from one father. Clement was in good circumstances; he dwelt at Saint Germain: his house was goodly and fair, and encompassed with turrets.

Ses hosteaus fu et bons et beaux
Et clos de tours tot au guerneaus.

In the bosom of this good family, Florens was educated, till such time as Glauvain and himself were of a proper age to contribute, by their own labours, to the maintenance of the household. As soon as this period had arrived, Clement consulted with his wife on the choice of their future professions. As for Glauvain, replies the prudent dame,

• Au Change envoies
Si portera de nos deniers
Se changera : si er~~it~~ ses mestiers.

But of Florens, she proposes to make a butcher ; for which trade she insinuates, that his great bodily strength peculiarly qualifies him. Clement approves much of the arrangement ; and the consent of the youths themselves having been readily obtained, Glauvain is the next morning dismissed, “ Au Change ses deniers porter ; ” and Florens, with two fat oxen and a hatchet, the

• Thou shalt send him to the Exchange. He shall carry our deniers thither, and shall change them : that shall be his employment.

property of his supposed father, sets off for the Boucherie. On his way thither, he falls in with an esquire, bearing on his fist a beautiful hawk. The nobility of Florens' mind was equal to that of his birth, and had hitherto wanted only a proper opportunity to display itself. He could not see, without delight and admiration, the feathered favourite of knights and princes. These emotions were immediately succeeded by the earnest wish of possessing it, which as quickly produced an offer of purchase. After some surprise and ridicule on the part of the squire, which Florens retorts with great spirit, the two oxen are demanded, and gladly given, in exchange for the single falcon. Delighted with his purchase, he hastens back to the family, and produces it to the great dismay and displeasure of li bon Vilein; who had expected a very different return for his oxen, and was by no means prepared to coincide with the opinion of his élève, that his "gentil" bird was of more worth than all the beeves in the universe. Trusting, however, that a change of employment, and the instructions of Glauvain, would cure this youthful folly, he sends him the next morning to the Change with a bag of deniers, amounting to forty livres, which his supposed brother is to employ himself in changing. The success of this second experiment is

scarcely better than that of the former. Florens, loitering by the way, loses sight of Glauvain, and meets a trader leading a courser to the Exchange for sale. The same inherent affection for all the appendages of nobility, which induced him to purchase the hawk, awakens in him a strong desire to become the possessor of this noble animal also; the proposal for purchasing it is immediately made, and thirty livres having been demanded as its price, Florens, in the true spirit of chivalric munificence,

• Dist'estes vous ivres ?
 Qui me le faites trente livres
 Ne veil pas que vous i perdès
 Quarante livres en avrès.

This offer, as we may suppose, is readily acceded to, and both parties make the best of their way to their respective homes; each doubting (says the poet) lest the other, discontented with his bargain, should return for the purpose of retracting it. Florens, however, felt no such intention, and Clement is again surprised by the

• Are you drunk, (cried he,) that you ask me no more than thirty livres? I would not that you should lose by the bargain. You shall have forty livres for it.

failure of his project. Enraged at the loss of so large a sum, and at what he now begins to consider as the almost incurable folly of the foundling, he loses all command of himself, and to the most bitter reproaches adds the still more powerful argument of a severe beating. His passion is, however, at length checked, by the arrival and interference of his wife; whose advice convinces him so forcibly of the impropriety of this mode of treatment, as to produce a speedy reconciliation,

* L'enfans apele doucement,
 Beax fiés or le me pardônès.
 Pere, dist il, or m'entendès,
 Mes peres estes, si me battès,
 Totes les fois que vos voldrès.
 Clemens lóí, si l'acola,
 Et mlt doucement le beça,
 A ses paroules bien entent
 Qu'il est issus de haute gent.

The young bourgeois, on his return, evinces

* Clement calls affectionately to the youth; "Fair son, pardon me this." "Father, (replied Florens,) hear me; you are my father, beat me, therefore, whenever you choose." Clement heard him, embraced him, and kissed him with great tenderness. He well understood by his words that he was sprung of a noble race.

little less chagrin than his father ; and concludes a long string of narrow-minded abuse, by expressing his wonder how Florens could be such an ideot, as to throw away forty livres of good hard cash upon a wild beast, which for his part he dares not even approach, for fear it should devour him. Florens, equally insensible to his reproaches and his apprehensions, proceeds in search of provender and quarters for his new favourite. His whole time was now divided between the hawk and the courser, in the government of which he shewed as much address, as if he had been all his life-time accustomed to the chace and the manège. Seigneurs, at this time,

• N'estoit pas se grand Paris
Come est ore, et ce sachez bien
Que champeaus n'avoit nule rien
Tout estoit vignes et boscagege
Par tot faisoit home gaagnage
Sarrazins fors sén etoient
Qui a cil tems tenue l'avoient.

• Paris was not so large as it is at present: and you know this well, that there were as yet no houses of trade; all the (country) was (covered with) vineyards and woods, and men every where lived by cultivating the ground. They were Saracens, who had till this time possessed it.

D

These Saracens, having been mastered and driven out of the country by the French, had laid their grievances before the throne of that arch champion of all Paiennie, the Soudan of Egypt; who, warmly espousing their cause, declares, in the most unceremonious manner, his resolution, to lay every castle and city of France in ashes, and to hang Dagobert out of hand. For this purpose, he summons all his Pagan allies; and is speedily joined by his cousin-german the King of Babylon, the King Goulias of Persia, the monarchs of Tatellie, Morocco, Rouple, and the formidable sovereign of the Giants. Thus the Saracen, the Aufridant, and the Boduin, flocked to his standard, and in less than fifteen days he saw himself at the head of an hundred thousand men. After a short council of war, this immense armament set sail for France, in their galleys and dromounds; elated by the expectation of a certain and easy conquest, and anticipating the partition of the several districts to be wrested from the power of Dagobert. But we should not omit to mention, that the Soudan was accompanied in this expedition by an only daughter; a princess of unequalled beauty, who had herself requested permission to witness the expected triumph of the Saracen arms, with the intention of bestowing her fair hand upon the fortunate hero, who

should display his prowess, by exterminating the greatest number of Christians. After a prosperous voyage, the Saracens land at Venice, (Fenisse,) and immediately proceed towards France, laying waste all before them with fire and sword. Dagobert, informed by the fugitives of this powerful invasion, requests the immediate assistance of all his Christian allies: he is accordingly joined by the Kings of Ireland, England, Scotland, Spain, and Germany, with the long-unnoticed hero of our tale, Otheviene; who, as we are at last informed, had never ceased to lament his folly, in listening to the treacherous insinuations of his mother, and the consequent loss of his wife and children.

Mais li tems aprochera
Quant la vielle la comparra.

The royal allies of Dagobert being quartered with their respective hosts in different parts of the city and suburbs, the lodging of Otheviene is fixed near St. Germain. Here his notice is one day accidentally attracted by the house of Clement; which (as we have already been informed) was a turreted mansion, corresponding in appearance with the wealth of its owner. Upon further enquiry, he learns from Dagobert the history

and character of Clement, and his supposed offspring Florens, whose beauty and noble deportment had already excited the admiration and curiosity of the discerning monarch.

• Quant Otheviene l'entendi
 A piete mot ne respondi ,
 Au quer suspira durement
 Et des ens plora tendrement,
 Por sa fame et ses enfans .
 Fu Otheviene moult dolens.

Dagobert, enquiring into the cause of his affliction, Otheviene relates his story in a manner, from which it is evident that his mind is no longer under the influence of his mother's artifice. In the mean time, the Saracens, after ravaging Lombardy, had approached within ten leagues of Paris. A particular description is here given of the Soudan's equipage and person ; the former is highly magnificent, and the latter differs little from that of most unbelieving champions of romance, being very strong, and very ugly. He

• When Otheviene heard him, he answered not a word for pity : he sighed deeply in his heart, and wept tenderly with his eyes. Very sorrowful was Otheviene for his wife and his children.

did not, we may be sure, travel without his Mahomet, which was carried in a chariot of pure gold. When the advice of this idol was thought requisite, a Pagan entered the vehicle, and promised the Soudan all he wished; by which means, (as the poet shrewdly remarks,) Mahomet was sure to remain in favour. Their camp is at length fixed within sight of Paris, and a most superb tent prepared for the peculiar residence of the Soudan and his obsequious deity.

The armies could now descry each other : and the Pagans, notwithstanding the immense superiority of their numbers, could not but feel an involuntary terror, even at this distant view of the Christian chivalry. The Saracenic Princess, under the escort of her favoured suitor, the King of the Giants, a man, or rather a monster, fifteen feet in height, and of a proportionable strength and ferocity, pitches her tent at Montmaitre. The Christians, regarding this approach of the enemy as a challenge, which they could not in honour refuse to accept, were prepared, under the command of the King of Spain, to sally forth against them; when the dwarf of Marsibelle, (for that was the Princess's name,) a creature altogether as hideous as his mistress was beautiful, was seen to present himself at the barrier, and demand an audience of Dagobert. This being

granted, he proceeded to request and obtain a safe conduct for a knight, "who burns to assert the superior charms of his lady, in single combat with the bravest of the Christian champions." The etiquette of chivalry forbade the denial of this suit; and accordingly the next morning the Giant appeared before the walls, slightly armed, and on foot, for no horse could be found of sufficient strength to support his enormous weight.

Few of the Christian knights felt themselves disposed to enter the lists to so manifest a disadvantage: at length, one more adventurous than his fellows presented himself for that purpose. The shock of his lance, however, had but little effect upon the gigantic mass opposed to it; and the monster in return, disdaining to use his weapons, seized him in his powerful grasp, and, lifting him (armed as he was at all points) from his horse, flung him across his shoulder, and, in this condition, proceeded to lay him at the feet of the lovely Marsibelle. The Princess, with the gentleness natural to her sex, prevailed upon her lover to spare the life of an opponent, who had already paid sufficiently dear for his rashness. Elated by his success, the Giant promises (upon the condition of receiving a kiss for his reward) that he will bring Dagebert himself to her feet.

The next morning, therefore, he again approaches the walls, armed only with an enormous weapon of offence, having quitted his helmet and shield, as if in disdain of his future opponent. An opponent, however, it did not at first seem probable that he would meet with; for, on the repetition of his challenge, not a single knight appeared disposed to contest the field with him: till at length Dagobert, enraged and ashamed at their want of courage, offers to expose his own person in the combat; and his example is immediately followed by the Kings of Ireland, of Spain, of Scotland, and the Emperor Otheviene. It was destined, however, that these monarchs should be saved the trouble and danger of encountering the Giant, by the interference of a champion, whose assistance had been little expected. Florens, having mounted the battlements in company with Clement, and heard from him the whole story of the knight's defeat, feels himself strongly induced to try his own fortune against the Giant, and loses no time in communicating his intentions to his supposed father. The good Vilain testifies considerable surprise and disapprobation at his rashness; but his scruples availed but little, when opposed to the headstrong determination of his élève, and nothing remained but to furnish him with the best means of defence which the armoury of a Bour-

geois afforded. His equipments, when completed, were truly ludicrous : a sword, which, from long disuse and want of care, had contracted so intimate an alliance with the scabbard, that the united force of Clement and Glauvain were able to separate them only at the expence of a severe tumble backwards—a lance, which had exchanged its original straightness, for the more graceful curve of a sickle—with a shield, a helmet, and coat of mail, whose rusty and imperfect condition bore ample testimony to their own antiquity, and the peaceful occupation of their proprietor. These preparations at last completed, our young warrior mounted on the courser which he had purchased with Glauvain's deniers, sallied forth, and bent his course towards the city gates. It will be readily foreseen, that his uncouth appearance drew upon him no small ridicule from the good citizens of Paris, and no small contempt from his unchristian antagonist. Both parties, however, were speedily taught to entertain a more respectable opinion of his powers, when at the first onset he wounded the leg of the Giant with his crooked lance, and the next instant contrived, with the most incomparable address, to elude the stroke aimed at him in return. The fury of the Pagan now exceeded all bounds ; while the anxious crowds, assembled on all parts

of the battlements, strove, by repeated shouts of applause and encouragement, to animate their new champion. The contest was long and doubtful; but the valour and activity of the youthful hero at length triumphed over the brutal force of his adversary, whose insolent security in some degree contributed to his own defeat, by affording Florens an opportunity (when lifted up from the ground in his powerful grasp) of cleaving the head, which, had its possessor been less presumptuous, would have rested secure under the cover of a "helme of prooffe." The monster fell, amidst the triumphant acclamations of the Christian host: and the youthful conqueror, having severed the head from the lifeless trunk, (which was not accomplished at less than fifteen strokes,) fastened it to the bow of his saddle; and, to the still further surprise of the numerous spectators, instead of returning to receive their congratulations and thanks, set spurs to his courser, and made the best of his way to the Saracenic camp. For this proceeding, however, he had what by every one, in the least conversant with the temper and habits of a true knight, must be allowed a fully sufficient reason. No sooner was the contest decided, than he felt himself seized with an ardent curiosity to behold the fair heathen, whose extraordinary charms had captivated the heart,

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and whose no less extraordinary caprice had favoured the addresses of so ungainly a lover. Scarcely had he reached Montmaitre, when he perceived the object of his search walking with her attendant damsels on the outskirts of her little camp. Surprise at his intrusion, contempt of his uncouth appearance, and terror at the sight of the trophy attached to his saddle, succeeded each other rapidly in the minds of the female group; and before they could reach or obtain succour from their camp, Florens was in the midst of them; and the astonished Marsibelle found herself clasped in the arms of the audacious stranger, and carried off at full speed towards the gates of Paris. And now, had the rapidity of Florens' courser been equal to the spirit of enterprise which animated its master, the Princess had doubtless spent that night where she little expected; but the jaded animal moved so slowly under his double burthen, that our hero soon found himself surrounded by a troop of Saracens, whom the cries of the fugitive attendants had summoned to the relief of their lady. In order the more effectually to punish the temerity of his pursuers, he allowed his fair prize to quit the saddle. This unfortunately was all they looked for: remounting her, therefore, on one of their own horses, they immediately conveyed her to the

camp of her father, without attempting to prolong a contest, which must inevitably have ended in the annihilation of their whole force. On their return, the Sultan learns, with no small indignation, the defeat of his ally, and the insult offered to his daughter. In these emotions, the latter appeared openly to participate; but her mind was, in reality, far differently occupied. Deeds "of bold emprise" were ever pleasing to the fair, even though their own persons were endangered by them. Marsibelle too, notwithstanding the hurry of their flight, and the perturbation of her spirits, had observed the youth and beauty which shone beneath the rusty and battered helmet of her ravisher; and a burning kiss, which he had imprinted upon her lips at the moment of quitting his hold, had totally effaced the remembrance of her unwieldy Sichæus, and substituted in its place the image of a far more deserving and graceful object. These sensations, and the communication of them to her confidential attendant, though described certainly in less polished language, are yet conceived with a warmth of imagination, and executed with a strength of colouring, which may be admired even by those who are familiar with the more exquisite delineations of the bards of Rhodes and Mantua.

The mind of our hero, meanwhile, was occu-

pied by a reciprocal and equally ardent passion ; though his thoughts were for a time diverted from its object, by the numberless congratulations and honours, by which the whole court and army of Dagobert hastened to reward his prowess.

The first care of the monarch is of course to confer the rank of knighthood on his youthful champion : but this ceremony is somewhat delayed, by the interposition of the worthy Clemens, who, bearing, as we have already seen, a most rooted antipathy to the profession of arms, uses all his eloquence to dissuade Dagobert from bestowing, and his foster son from receiving, so unprofitable and perilous a dignity. These kind-hearted exertions, however, serve only to draw upon him the ridicule and "gaberie" of the whole assembly : and indeed, both here and elsewhere, the poet seems to have aimed at enlivening his fiction, by contrasting the simplicity and bourgeoisie of the Vilain, with the heroic deportment of his more elevated characters. The ceremony then of investing Florens with his spurs, was the next morning performed by Dagobert himself ; and no sooner was it completed, than Otheviene, feeling himself interested in an extraordinary degree, as well by the prepossessing appearance, as by the unusual prowess of our adventurer, seized an opportunity of questioning

him as to the truth of his reported parentage. The youth, who still believed himself the son of Clemens, by some female of Outremer, ingenuously relates all that he had learnt concerning himself from his supposed father : and Othevine, struck with the singularity of the tale, and feeling his affections drawn towards him by some hidden sympathy, can scarcely refrain from falling upon his neck, and acknowledging him for his son.

Thus the time passed away till the evening; when Florens, finding himself disposed for a fresh adventure, and moreover somewhat anxious for a second interview with his Pagan Inamorata, saddles his courser, and proceeds leisurely towards the Saracen encampment. A branch of olive, which he cut by the way-side, gave him the appearance of an ambassador, or herald, and consequently procured him unmolested entrance into the royal tent. The Sultan immediately concluded, that the object of his errand was nothing less than an offer of submission and apostasy on the part of Dagobert and all his subjects: he was therefore somewhat surprised to hear Florens

* En haut parler come gentis,

* Speak aloud, as one of noble birth. That God, who pardoned Longinus, who was conceived of a virgin, and

Cil Diex qui pardon fit Longis,
 Qui en la vierge se ombra,
 Et ses amis d'enfer geta,
 Sauf et garde le Roi de France
 Qui deseur toz a la poissance ;
 Et maintiegne tos ses amis,
 Et confonde ses anemis.
 Ce te mande nostre Emperere
 Qui desor tos est governere,
 Que li viegnes merci crier,
 A son pie te convient aler,
 Ta teste li met en pensant
 Por faire toit son comandement.
 Tu fus trop hardi and osès
 Quant tu ès ça outre passès.
 Jamais arriere ne iras.
 Tos li ors qui soit en Baudas
 Ne vos gariroit, ce sachies,
 Que vos ne soies detrenchies.

who rescued his friends from hell, save and preserve the
 King of France, who excels all (kings) in power, main-
 tain all his friends, and confound all his enemies. Thus
 commands thee our Emperor, who is governor above all,
 that thou come to cry him mercy. Better were it for thee
 that thou shouldest fall at his feet. Bethink thee to do
 what he commands. Too hardy and rash wert thou, when
 thou camest hither from beyond the seas. Never shalt
 thou return. Know, that all the hosts of heathennesse
 could not protect thee from being cut off.

The Sultan's temper was at no time of the most placable ; and this unlooked-for harangue caused him to forget both his own dignity, and the respect which was entertained in all countries for the sacred character of an herald. He seized a knife, which accidentally lay near him, and launched it at the head of the intruder, accompanying his attack with a torrent of abuse and blasphemy. His weapon happily missed its aim, and his eloquence served only to gratify Florens in his desire of obtaining an interview with the fair Marsibelle. Attracted by the high and angry tones of her father's voice, she entered the tent, illumining (says the poet) the whole place with the blaze of her beauty. She immediately recognised the features of Florens : and if her admiration of his person was before great, it became unbounded now, that she saw him appavelled in a manner suitable to the splendor of his actions, and the munificence of his newly-acquired patrons. Prudently, however, smothering these emotions for the present, she demands of her father the name and errand of the stranger ; and having learned the provocation given, and the violence which had ensued, she rebukes the Sultan for his want of self-possession and decorum, in attacking a messenger ; and, immediately advancing towards Florens, complains, in no very gentle

terms, of the indignity offered to her on the preceding day, by a vassal in rusty armour, whom, if she could but get him into her possession, she would straightway cause to be burnt alive.

• Puis dit en bas tout coïement..
Car plust ore a Trevogant
Que en ma chambre le remise.

Lady, replies Florens, I know him well; he resembles myself in all things, and you shall distinguish him in the next battle, by his bearing, attached to his lance, the sleeve which he tore from your garment at the time of your escape. Then, addressing himself to the Sultan,

• Mar i fut le coutiaus lancies /
Se sempres ne vous enfuies
Vous an avres mlt grant pesance,
Vos mors gist au fer de ma lance.

This last insult utterly exhausted the patience of the Saracen. Before Florens could quit the tent, the royal guard were ordered to cut off his

• Then whispered ^{softly} ~~say~~, Would that Termagaunte would conduct him to my apartment.

• In an evil hour was that knife thrown. If thou dost not incontinently escape, heavily shalt thou feel for it. Thy death ^{lies} ~~lays~~ upon the point of my lance.

retreat: but the order was more easily given, than carried into execution; and the Sultan had shortly the mortification of seeing his guard return from their fruitless pursuit, with the loss of an amiral, two kings, (one of whom was his own brother,) and the greater half of the detachment. Irritated beyond all bounds, he vented his rage upon his idol Mahomet, giving him four blows with his truncheon, and declaring him to be of less value than a brace of dead dogs. Mahomet was, however, somewhat recompensed for his bruises, by the grateful though silent praises and thanks bestowed on him by the love-sick Marsibelle, for thus kindly conniving at the escape of her admirer. Thirty thousand Saracens are the next morning ordered to advance to the attack of Paris; which the Christians no sooner perceive, than they sally forth, and, animated by the presence and example of Dagobert and Otheviene, gain a complete victory, leaving a third part only of the infidel host to relate the story of their defeat.

The Sultan, less terrified than enraged at this failure, determines to renew the assault on the following day, at the head of sixty thousand men. Marsibelle, affecting to participate in his anger, obtains leave to accompany him in the battle, and returns to her encampment on the banks of the Seine. Florens, being apprised of this movement

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by a squire, whom he had ordered to watch for that purpose, loses no time in presenting himself on the opposite bank, and is as speedily descried by his mistress, who invites him by signals to her tent. The enamoured youth ventures across the stream, accompanied only by a single squire, and happily reaches the appointed spot without interruption. The mutual declaration of their loves, and the voluntary offer of Marsibelle, to renounce Mahomet and his law, are scarcely the work of a minute. It is as quickly agreed, that Florens shall the next morning provide a vessel, for the purpose of conveying herself, her treasures, and her female attendants, to the city of Paris. But as the security of their union would be somewhat questionable, while the Sultan retained a chance of superiority, either in the present or in any future contest, she proceeds to instruct her lover in the most likely means of ensuring his defeat, or rather his capture when defeated. He was in possession, it appears, of a steed of most wondrous qualities, upon which he was always in the habit of appearing in the field. This extraordinary creature had a single horn growing from the centre of its forehead, and surpassed all his kind both in beauty and swiftness; which latter circumstance evidently put it in his master's power, in the event of his bad success, to bid defiance to all

pursuers. Determined to obtain possession of this animal, and having completely arranged the plan of the Princess's elopement, Florens takes his leave, and bends his steps towards Paris. Meeting on his road with a troublesome amiral, he dispatches him, and permits his squire to strip the dead body of its armour and accoutrements, which were richly adorned with gold. This occasioning some delay, a large body of Saracens descry and sally forth to attack him; but before they can accomplish their purpose, they are opposed by a party of the Christian garrison, and repulsed with the usual quantum of soldiers and amirals slain. Florens, having thus in safety regained the palace of Dagobert, relates his adventure in the hearing of the monarch and of the good Clemens. He finishes by expressing much anxiety to become master of the Sultan's palfrey: and his foster father, always anxious to the wishes of his darling élève, and feeling himself, as it should seem, inspired by the example of the gallant court, in which he had spent the last three or four days, determines, even at the risk of his own person, to obtain it for him.

During his residence in Outremer, he had made himself completely master of the Saracen *Latin* and manners. Disguising himself, therefore, in the habit of that people, he seeks the Pagan

camp, and presents himself to the Sultan as a native of Syria, peculiarly skilled in the management of horses. The Sultan, proud of possessing so wonderful a creature as Bondifer, (for that was the animal's name,) orders it to be brought out for his inspection. The good old man, who had not bestrode a horse for nearly twenty years, on attempting to mount him, is repulsed by a severe kick. Nothing dismayed, however, he puts up a silent prayer to the Virgin, and finds a second trial more successful. Once seated, he assumes the air and tone of a Christian warrior, renounces his fictitious character, and, commending, in no very gentle terms, the Sultan, his host, and his idols, to the care of Lucifer, gallops off for Paris with such rapidity, as to preclude all possibility of pursuit, and leaves the Sultan deprived of all power of utterance, by the sudden emotions of rage and surprise. On his arrival at Paris, he leads the animal to the grateful Florens; who has no sooner received it, than, noticing in Dagobert's manner some indications of a wish to become its possessor, he immediately presents it to him, with that generous courtesy which invariably distinguished the character of a true knight.

On the morning of the following day, the Sultan advances with the whole of his force towards Paris; and the Christians, though inferior in num-

ber, march out to oppose them with the greatest alacrity. The battle soon became general and obstinate. Dagobert, mounted on the horse, or rather unicorn, of the Sultan, bore down all opposition; till at last, reaching the spot where the infidel monarch had taken his station, he unhorsed and beat him to the ground. And now the contest would at once have been decided, by the death of the aggressor, had not the press of the Saracen body-guard forced the reluctant Dagobert to quit his prey, at the moment he was about to strike the fatal blow. At this instant, Florens, (who had, during the beginning of the affray, absented himself, for the purpose of conveying Mar-sibelle to Paris,) having now accomplished his design without interruption, returns to the field, and commences the day's business, by cleaving in twain a fierce Slavonian. The Sultan, in the mean time, having remounted, and again joined in the battle, is assailed and vanquished by Otheviene; from whose hands he is rescued, as he had already been from those of Dagobert, by the timely interposition of his own troops; and Otheviene, becoming, in his turn, the object of attack, has his sword and helmet broken, and is on the point of falling under the blows of the infidels, when Florens, perceiving his danger, rushes to his assistance, and saves his life. Both of them, how-

ever, pay for their hardihood, with the loss of their liberty; and the Christian army, thus deprived of two of their greatest supports, begin to give way on all sides, and retreat in disorder towards the walls of Paris. Dagobert, in a transport of shame and anger, seizes the Oriflamme, and, followed by a chosen band, precipitates himself into the thickest of the fight. Still this serves only to prolong the contest for a few minutes; and the pious monarch, perceiving that no human efforts could avail to extricate himself and his people from their calamitous situation, addresses himself fervently, though hastily, to the Deity. Scarcely had he uttered the prayer, when twenty thousand warriors, mounted on milk white steeds, and clad in armour of the same colour, and of a most dazzling brightness, were seen rapidly to descend from the heights of Montmaitre. On their nearer approach it was discovered, that this angelic chivalry was headed by the illustrious champion of Christianity, St. George; and it is almost needless to add, that their interposition at once turned the scale of battle in favour of their votaries.

The empire of France and the cause of religion having thus miraculously been asserted, against the most tremendous power that ever threatened their dissolution, the Parisians give vent to the warmest expressions of triumph in

their preservation, and of gratitude to its authors; while the Sultan, with his remaining forces, (which scarcely amounted to ten thousand men,) saves himself by flight, carrying with him the unfortunate Otheviene, and his unknown offspring. On his arrival at the camp, his distress is aggravated by the intelligence of his daughter's elopement. His anger vents itself first upon Mahomet, whose head he dashes in pieces, and next upon his noble prisoners, whom he threatens to put to the most ignominious death, as soon as he shall set foot in Paiennie. Full of this revengeful purpose, he commences his march homewards with all possible rapidity; but he was calculating, it appears, without his host, and a far different fate was reserved both for himself, and his intended victims. And you, gentle lords, if you will continue to listen to me,

* Sans noise faire et sans tençon

Sorres mervailleuse chançon

* * * * *

A la Dame repareroi

* Without noise or interruption, you shall hear a wonderful song. I will return to the lady, whom I left in Jerusalem. Concerning her son and his lioness, you shall hear a good song.

Qu'en Jerusalem vous laissai,
De son fiuz et son Lion
Porrez oir bone chançon.

Jerusalem, it appears, afforded them an undisturbed asylum, until the young Otheviene (for the Queen had given to her son the name of her still beloved husband) attained the twentieth year of his age. At this period, feeling the thirst of adventure natural to all noble minds, he proffered his services, and those of his lioness, to the Christian monarch of Acre ; with whom he speedily ingratiated himself, by defeating a Saracen army, then on their march to invade that territory, and taking their chieftain prisoner. The grateful Sovereign, becoming highly interested in the fortunes of his young champion, and having his curiosity considerably excited by the appearance and attachment of his four-footed companion, enquires into and learns the whole history of himself and his injured mother. This he could not be supposed to hear without strong emotions of pity and astonishment: and accordingly we find him readily acceding to the petition of the young Otheviene, that they might be allowed to quit Palestine, and provided with a sufficient escort to convoy them safely to the court of Dagobert, through whose means he

hoped to effect the reconciliation of his parents. The munificence, indeed, of the king exceeded their highest expectations. The most speedy and ample preparations are made for their voyage. A company of two thousand knights, the flower of Syrian chivalry, is deputed to attend them to its completion : and, the day of their departure being fixed, after bidding their grateful adieus to their royal benefactor, they set sail for France, accompanied by the dumb but incontrovertible evidence of the Queen's chastity, and her son's legitimacy. They had now well nigh reached the place of their destination, when, meeting a vessel employed in conveying pilgrims of various countries to the holy land, they learnt from some of the crew the inroad which the Saracens had made into the country of Dagobert, and the supposed danger of himself and his capital. A few words from the young prince suffice to determine his gallant companions to attempt a junction with the Christian army; and in this determination they disembark, on their arrival at the nearest point of the French coast. At this very conjuncture of time, it happened that the Soudan was about to quit the country with his royal prisoners, followed by ten thousand Saracens, the melancholy remains of his enormous host. The heroes of Acre no sooner descry them,

than they resolve, if possible, to cut off their retreat. The young Otheviene having briefly encouraged his friends, and *endoctrinè*, his lioness, they fall suddenly upon the dispirited infidels, who had little expected or guarded against such an opposition to their flight. Despair, however, lent them courage; and the battle had become obstinate, and even doubtful, when the Prince, having cut his way to the person of the Soudan, engaged and felled him to the ground. The faithful lioness now stepped in, to complete what her master had begun; and the Pagan had probably met with a death unusual even in the annals of romantic warfare, had he not cried lustily for mercy, and promised to abjure all future allegiance to the Mawmette, who had so ill repaid him for his former devotion. A look from Otheviene was enough to restrain the fury of his docile attendant: and the remaining Saracens, having followed the example of their leader, the conquerors lost no time in hastening to communicate to the Christian prisoners the happy tidings of their delivery. It may be easily conjectured, with what surprise and satisfaction Otheviene learnt that his timely arrival and prowess had effected the release of his own father. Judging it, however, more eligible to conceal his own character, until he had ascertained

the Emperor's sentiments with respect to his long-lost consort, he introduces himself only as the Knight of the lioness ; and, in the course of their conversation, enquires of the Emperor, whether he was not formerly married to a fair and amiable princess. Otheviene, unusually affected at the enquiry, relates the story of her persecution, and supposed loss, with many expressions of remorse for his cruelty, and belief that his subsequent misfortunes had been inflicted by Heaven solely as its punishment. After having thus given vent to his grief, he remarks the strong likeness which existed between the Knight of the lioness and Florens ; insinuating his hope, that the latter might some day prove to be nearly connected with him. Young Otheviene, equally affected by this strange coincidence, and perceiving the thorough change which had taken place in the mind of his father, now no longer hesitates to discover himself. The penitent husband is rapturously acknowledged and forgiven by his amiable Queen, and the whole party join in pious admiration of the wonderful means which Providence had destined to bring about their reunion.

It remained only, in order to complete their happiness, that the testimony of Clement should confirm that relationship between the Emperor

and Florens, which the voice of nature had already so powerfully suggested in the hearts of each. For this purpose they repair to the court of Dagobert, where their arrival creates the most lively sensations of surprise and joy. The first congratulations ended, the good Vilain is sent for, and conjured to discover all that he was acquainted with, as to the birth and country of his reputed offspring.

The worthy old man, delighted to see his foster son on the eve of attaining that rank, to which his origin and merits so fully entitled him, suffered no selfish considerations to deter him from owning the whole truth, as to the time and place and manner of his purchasing the infant. Having done which, in order to remove all further uncertainty, he adds, (although it is not easy to discover how he came by the information,)

• Li larons qui me le vendirent
A un Chevalier le toulirent,
Cil Chevalier dont je vous di
L'enfant a un singe toli,

• The thieves, who sold him to me, took him from a knight; this knight, of whom I speak, took the child from an ape; and that ape, in truth, had taken it from a lady.

E cil singe por veritè
L'avoit a un dame emblè.

Florens, thus recognised, obtains the consent of his parents to his union with the fair Marsibelle ; who, together with the Sultan, receives immediate baptism, and instruction in the Christian lore.

The Emperor, having now seen Dagobert settled in the undisturbed possession of his kingdom, repairs with all his family to Rome : where, on his arrival, he finds himself spared the painful necessity of bringing the Queen-mother to condign punishment ; the mingled emotions of rage and apprehension, with which she hears of the triumphant return of her daughter-in-law, operating so violently, as to produce immediate death.

The Bard, having thus disposed of all parties, concludes, as usual, with a prayer in behalf of himself, and all those who had condescended to listen patiently to his lengthened and eventful story.

*Cy finist le Romanz de Othevien, Empereor de Rome,
et Dagonbert, Roy de Fraunce.*

NOTES.

NOTES TO PREFACE.

PAGE iii. *does not mention it*] It may be proper to add, that the Romance, entitled, "Le Chevalier au Lions," and attributed by Fauchet to Chrestien of Troyes, does not appear (as might possibly be conjectured from its title) to have any thing in common with Octavian.

Page iv. *its parent Saxon*] Notwithstanding the elegance with which this subject has been treated, both by Warton and Mr. Ellis, the history of our vernacular poetry, during the Saxon æra, and the century immediately succeeding it, still offers a wide field for the labours of the antiquary; and its investigation would probably throw much light upon the gradual formation of our present language. Such an undertaking would be considerably facilitated, either by the publication of the Saxon Romance, from which Mr. Turner has given some extracts, and which that learned and accurate antiquary has already expressed a wish to see edited complete; or the reimpression (in part at least) of the poetical paraphrase of Cædmon, accompanied by such explanations as should render them generally accessible. It is not, perhaps, too much to hope, that the attention of English scholars may before long be directed to this interesting though neglected period of our literature. Mr. Turner has entered upon the field;

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and it remains only for himself, or some one of equal talents and information, to enlarge and continue what he has so ably begun.

The Editor has ventured to subjoin two specimens of the poetry of Cædmon, with a Latin translation, in which the order of the words corresponds exactly to the Saxon text. He has added a second translation, as nearly literal as the metre would allow, into English blank verse. This mode of publishing the whole work might, perhaps, be the best adapted for general reading, and would, at the same time, present the fairest transcript of the original.

The former of these extracts is from a speech which the poet puts into the mouth of Satan, while meditating the destruction of our first parents; and has already been noticed by Mr. Turner, for its similarity with one upon the same subject in the *Paradise Lost*. The latter is from a relation of the overthrow of Pharaoh and the Egyptians in the Red sea.

" Is thæs ænra styde,	" Estne hic iniquus locus,
(Ungelic swithe	(Dissimilis valde
Tham odrum	Illis aliis
The we ær cuðon	Quæ nos olim novimus
Hean on heofon rice)	Alte in cœlorum regno)
The me min hearra on-	Quo me meus Dominus
lag?	detrudit?
Theah we hine	Siquidem nos ^a est
For tham alwalden	Per Illum omnipotentem
Agan ne moston,	Possidere non debemus,
Romigan ures rices.	Coacti cedere e regno
	nostro.

Næfð he theah	Non ille siquidem
Riht gedon,	Jure fecit,
Ðat he us hæfð be filled	Quod ille nos oppressit
Fyre to botme	Ignem in abyssu
Helle theare hatan,	Gehennæ hujus torridæ
Heofon rice benumen.	(Et) cœlorum regnum abstulit.
Hafað hit gemearcod	Illud designavit
Mid moncynne	Humano generi
To gesettane.	In possessionem.
That me is sorga mæst,	Hoc mihi est dolor maximus
That Adam sceal,	Quod Adamus <i>debet</i>
The was of eorðan geworth,	Qui fuit e terrâ fabricatus
Minne stronglican	Meum potentem
Stol behealdun,	Sedem possidere,
Wesan him on wyne,	Fore illum in gaudio,
And we this wite tholi-	Et nos hanc vindictam
lien,	pati
Hearm on thisse helle,	Pœnam in hoc inferno
Wa la! ahte ic	Me miserum! si habuerim
Minra handa geweald,	Mearum manuum potentiam,
And moste ane tyd	Et possem in aliquid temporis
Ute weordan,	Hinc evadere,
Wesan ane winter stund.	Sit (licet) unum (tantum) hybernium tempus.
Thonne ic mid this we-	Tunc ego cum hoc exerci-
rode—	tu—
Ac liegath me ymbe	Sed jacet circum me
Iren bend,	Ferrea catena,
Rideth racentan sal.	Deprimit vinculorum nexus.
	h 2

Ic eam ricesleas !	Sum regno destitutus !
Habbath me swa hearde	Tenent me adeo valide
Helle clommas	Gehennæ vincula
Fæste gefangan,	Fortiter obstringendo.
Her is fyr micel	Hic est ignis multus,
Ufan et neodune,	Suprà et infrà,
Ic a ne geseah	Ego nunquam vidi
Ladran landscipe.	Tetrius spectaculum.
Lig ne aswamath	Flamma non languescit
Hot ofer helle.	Torrida super Gehennam.
Me habbath hringa ges-	Mihi annulis constructa
rong	
Slið hearda sal	Mordacibus catena
Sîces amyrred."	Gressus impedivit."

" Is this the hateful place (unlike indeed
Those seats we once in heav'n's high kingdom
knew)

To which the conqu'ror chains me, never more,
Expelled by him, th' Almighty one, to gain
That realm! How hath he wrong'd us of our right,
That the dread flames of this infernal gulph
Pours full upon us, and denies us heav'n !
That heav'n, alas, he destines to receive
The sons of men : 'tis this that grieves me most,
That Adam, he the earthborn, should possess
My glorious seat ; that he should live in joy,
And we in hell's avenging horrors pine.
O that my hands were free, that I might hence
But for a time, but for a winter's day !
Then with this host : but that these knotted chains
Encompass, that these iron bands press on me.
O ! I am kingdomless ; hell's fetters cling
Hard on each limb : above, beneath, the flame
Fierce rages : sight more horrible mine eyes

Ne'er yet have witness'd. O'er these scorching deeps
The fire no respite knows: the strong forg'd chain,
With ever-biting links, forbids my course."

Folc wæs afæred,
Flod egsa becwom.

Populus fuit pavefactus,
Fluctus terribilis supervenit eos.

Gastas geomre
Gifan death-wheop.
Wæron beorh-hlidu
Blod-bestemed.
Holm heolfre spaw,
Hræm wæs on ythum,

Spiritus murmurantes
Dabant mortis-ululatum,
Erant tumulorum apices
Sanguine fumantes,
Mare cruorem evomebat,
Lamentatio erat super undas

Wæter wæpnaful.
Wælmist astah.
Wæron Egypte
Eft on-cyrde,
Flugon ferhtigende,
Fær ongeton.

• Aquâ armorum plenâ
Gurgitis caligo oriebatur
Erant Ægypti
Retro versi,
Fugiebant pavidî
Timorem penitus senserunt.

Wolden here bleathe
Hamas findan,
Gylp wearth gnornra,

Vellet exercitus lubenter
Domum reparare,
Superbia eorum erat dejectior facta,

Him ongen genap
Atol ytha gewealc,

Illos iterum corripuit
Terribilis fluctuum-volutatio,

Næ thær ænig becwom
Herges to hame.

Neque inde ulli redibant
Bellatores domum.

• The meaning of this line is not very clear, nor is the Editor confident that his own translation is correct. "Aqua tanquam lacrymarum plenâ" was suggested by a friend, and is adopted in the English.

Ac behindan beleac	Sed pone occludebat eos
Wyrð mid-wæge,	Fatum in medio cursu.
Thær ær wæg-as lagon	Ubi modo via fuerat aperta
Mere modgode,	Mare furebat—
Mægan was adrenced.	Agmen submersum est
Streamas stodon,	Fluctus ascendebant
Storm up-geawat	Tempestas exorta est
Heah to heofnum.	Altè in cœlos.
Here wope-mæst,	Exercitus flebat multum
Læthe! cyrmdon	Mæror! clamabant
Lyft up gesweare	Usque ad aera tenebrosum
Fægum stefnum.	Languidis vocibus.

Gylland gryre	Fremens horribile
Gar-secg wedde	Oceani violentia furebat
Up ateah on sleap,	Experrecta e somno.
Egesan stodon,	Terrores ejus assurgebant
Weollon wæl-benna	Volvebantur cadavera hominum
Wit-rod gefeol,	Supplicii virga incidebat in eos
(Heah of heofonum	(Alti in coelis
Hand weorc Godes.)	Manuum opus Dei)
Faming bosma	Spumanti in sinu
Flodwearde sloh	Fluctuum custos obruebat eos
Unhlowan wæg.	Immitis Unda.

* The heathen stood aghast: fierce rag'd the flood,
And wailing spirits gave the shriek of death.
The blood stream'd fresh on each man's destin'd
grave;
The sea foam'd gore; screams were amid the waves,
As though the waters wept: darkling uprose
The whirlpool mists: Egypt was backwards turned;

* Compare the speech of Theodolimus, "Ἄ δεῖλοι τί καὶ
κοιτοῦσθε παῖτε."

Dismay'd they fled ; fear struck their inmost soul.
 How fall'n their boasting now ! how would they joy
 Once more to reach their home ; but that foul surf,
 Swift rolling in its force, o'erwhelm'd their pride,
 That none return'd of all the warrior train.
 Midways Jehovah stay'd their mad career :
 Where lay their path, there rag'd the ocean wave.
 Low sunk the host ; the streams ascended high,
 And high as heav'n uprose the vengeful storm.
 Loud wept the warriors ; from each dying tongue
 The shriek of woe pierc'd the cloud darken'd air.

Mad ocean rag'd ; forth from his slumbers rous'd,
 In all his terrors, stood the King of floods :
 With horrid din he chas'd the warrior host :
 Corpse rolling upon corpse, th' unpyting wave
 (So work'd the will of heav'n's Almighty Lord)
 Deep in its foaming bosom held their pride.

Page iv. *to supply the deficiency.*] The following extracts from a very curious poem, preserved in a manuscript belonging to Jesus College, Oxford, will shew the number of words adopted from the French by our earlier translators to have been comparatively few. The specimen is remarkable also for the intermixture of the two languages.

*Ici comencent les unze peyne de Enfern
 les queus Seynt Pool vist.*

Plest vus oyer une demaunde
 Ke li deable fist estraunge,
 De un cheytif pecheour
 Ke hors fu mys de grant tristur,

De mort en vie resuscité

Par la volonté de Dè.

"^a Unsely Ghost hwat dostu here

" Thu were in helle mine ^b vere?

" Hwo haveth helle dure unloke

" That thu ert of ^c pyne ibroke?"

Dunke respund le mort a lu

En le secle u il fu,

Conte en ordre, et conte et dist

Les unze peynes ke Seynt Pol vist,

Des autres ke il a senty,

Un seul mot ne menty.

" Wiltu ihere me Sathan,

" Hwich am of Helle igan.

" Wermes habbeth my fleys ^d ifreten

" And mine freond me habbeth forgeten.

" Ich mon wes, as thu wel wost

" And now ich ^e a wrecche gost.

" ^f In helle ich habbe yare ibeo,

" That mon may on myn hewe iseo."

" A ^g hwel of steele is furthermo

" That berneth lihte and turneth o,

" A thusend spoken beoth thereon,

" And pykes overal idon,

" Ther schule the saufen beo todrawe

^a wicked. Lye gives "Unsel" only in the Gothic.

^b fere. companion.

^c pain. This word, or at least the cognate verb *pynan*, appears to have been introduced into the language before the Norman conquest. It occurs in the Saxon Orosius, and in the Gospels.

^d pierced, eaten in holes, *fretted*.

^e The word *am* appears to be wanting here.

^f I have been long in hell; that men may see by my countenance (hue).

^g wheel.

"That her ^h arereden unryhte lawe.
 "Mo saulen ⁱ tholieth there sucche wowe
 "Thaue be ^h flothre in the snowe.
 "Further ther is a water ⁱ wallinde hot
 "That is deop and long and brod,
 "Blakkure than the swarte pitch,
 "And stinketh so ^m for holde lych,
 "Of vych a werm that ^a atter bereth,
 "Other it stingeth, other it tereth.
 "Ifulled is that fule pool,
 "That ever is hot, and never cool.
 "Bisydes stondeth a feondes ^p trume
 "And waiteth hwenne the saules cume,
 "Heo hire ^a awarieth al [†] athrep[†]
 "Also wulves doth the scep.
 "Hwenne the feondes heom ⁱ forleteth
 "Snaken and neddren heom ^u towreteth."

Ki ces xi peynes escryva
 Bon aventure ly avendra.
 Hwoso wrot thes pynes ellevene
 His soule mote cume to Hevene,
 And pleye ther myd engles bryhte
 Ther heo beoth in hevene lyhte.
 And nabbe he never Godes ^x grome,

^h established, reared.

ⁱ suffer.

^h flakes.

ⁱ boiling, or bursting forth, *welling*. This line appears redundant by two syllables; omitting "further," or "wal-
 "linde," would restore the metre.

^m like a corpse?

^a poison.

^o sometimes.

^p company. Sax. truma, acies.

^a worry?

[†] The Editor is ignorant of the meaning of this word.

^a as.

ⁱ quit.

^u fall upon them. wretan, Sax. instare.

^x anger.

[†] probably from ⁱ "Trepas A.S. troops." it
 will then signify "in a troop."

For Hugo is his ryhte nome,
And he is curteys and ⁊ hendy,
Thi God him lete wel endy.

Another specimen of our language in this state (if it may be so called) of transition, occurs in the short poem annexed. The original is preserved in a highly valuable and entertaining manuscript, (Digby. 86.) noticed by Warton in the Appendix to vol. i. Hist. English Poetry. It affords also a remarkable example of alliteration joined to rhyme.

Love is sofft, Love is swet, Love is goed ⁊ sware
Love is muche tene, Love is muchel kare,
Love is blissene mest, Love is ⁊ bot gare,
Love is wondred and wo, with for to fare.
Love is hap, wo it haveth, Love is god hele,
Love is ⁊ becher and les, and lef for to tele,
Love is douti in the world, with for to dele,
Love maketh in the land moni ⁊ homilele,
Love is stalewarde and strong for to striden on
stede,
Love is loveliche, a thing to wommon nede.
Love is harde and hot as ⁊ glovinde glede,

⁊ hendy is synonymous to courteous.

⁊ swær, A. S. painful. goed swær may be interpreted "pleasing pain."

⁊ present good, or booty.

⁊ The sense of this line is by no means clear. "becher" is not to be found (as far as the Editor's knowledge extends) elsewhere. les probably signifies false, (læse, A. S.) lef may perhaps be traced to læfend, A. S. a seducer, or fickle, from læfen, to leave.

⁊ homilele, humble.

⁊ glowing, or red hot coal. gled, A. S. coal, or embers.

Love maketh moni ^d mai with teres to ^e wede.
 Love hath ^f his stivart by sti and by strete,
 Love maketh moni mai hire ^g wonges to wete.
 Love is hap, wo it haveth, ^h hon for to hete
 Love is wis, Love is war, and wilful an ⁱ weðe
 Love is the soffttest thing in herte may slepe
 Love is craft, Love is goed, with kares to kepe.
 Love is les, Love is lef, Love is longinge
 Love is fol, Love is fast, Love is ^k frowringe
 Love is ^l sellich an thing wose shal soth singe
 Love is wele, Love is wo, Love is geddede,
 Love is lif, Love is deth, Love may hous fede.
 Were Love also ^m londdreï as he is furst kene
 Hit were the ⁿ worthlokste thing in werlde were,
 ich wene.
 Hit is ysaid in an song soth is that sene,
 Love cometh with kare and hendeth with tene
 Mid lavedi, mid wive, mid maide, mid queene.

Page iv. *more intricate*] The "rimes coueës entrelaceës," &c. have been frequently mentioned by the historians of our early poetry. The Digby Ms. above cited contains two poems of very singular metrical construction: the former, entitled, "La

^d mai, maiden.

^e to rage? (wede, A. S. mad) to wed?

^f his station in house and in street, or perhaps, as in Chaucer, "by stile and eke by strete," in country and town. V. "Stile" in Gloss. to Tyrwhitt's Chaucer.

^g wonges, cheeks. A. S.

^h to inflame one? *rather for "to onhete"*

ⁱ sweet, mild. A. S.

^k froward.

^l strange, wonderful.

^m durable?

ⁿ most worthy? (weordlic, A. S.) or most true? (word, and loc, locca, a lock; whence wordloca, logie. A. S.)

"Beitourneè," or "the Distracted," commences thus :

Estraungement

◦ Mar est ^p mun quer ^q dolent,
 Quant me ^rpurpens
 Que jeo si gastè mun tens
 Saunz rimoièr de aucun sens,
 Aucun heure.
 Les Dames me mettent soure ^r
^t Sus et jus
 Que je rimoièr ne pus

The second commences thus :

La Vie de un Vallet amerous.

^u Joliftè

Me fet aler ^x ad pie,
 Et mes fous sens
 Que ^y mous ay en mun tens
 En moun quer
 Ne me ^z voloie a nul fer
 Nul ben fere
 • For ad folie moun ^b sen ^c trere

- mal. ^p mon cœur.
- ^q grieving. Latin, doleo.
- ^r reflect. Latin, perpendo.
- ^s The Editor is unacquainted with this word.
- ^t above and below, here and there.
- ^u Beauty. ^x a piè.
- ^y much. Latin, multus.
- ^z avail. Latin, valeo. ^a except.
- ^b breast, Lato Sinus.
- ^c draw. Latin, traho.

E ad ^d deduyt,
Que ne poeye jour ne nuit
Repos aver
Taunt pensay de amour aver.

^d pleasure. Latin, deductus.

NOTES ON OCTAVIAN.

PAGE 2. *Et de le Roiaume coroner.*] The Poet has strangely disfigured the real history of Dagobert, which was briefly this: Clotaire the Second, at the age of only four months, succeeded his father Chilperic in the kingdom of Soissons. (A. D. 584.) Having reunited to that crown those of Burgundy and Austrasia, he conferred the government of the latter, with the title of King, upon his son Dagobert, (A. D. 622.) reserving to himself some part of its frontiers towards Burgundy and Neustria. These also Dagobert, upon his marriage with Gomatrude, his father's sister in law, demanded, and with some difficulty procured, to be added to his portion. On the death of Clotaire, (A. D. 628.) he succeeded to the whole of his paternal dominions, with the exception of Aquitaine, which was bequeathed to his brother Charibert. Charibert dying soon after, Dagobert, having removed the elder of his nephews by poison, seized upon the kingdom of Aquitaine, and reduced it to a duchy. He was engaged in obstinate and continued warfare with the Slavonians. Whether any traditional accounts of these contests may have furnished our Poet with the groundwork of his fictitious siege of Paris, (see p. 20.) it is perhaps impossible to determine; and at all events the discovery would scarcely recompense the labour of enquiry. Dagobert himself appears in the

general outline of his character to have resembled many other heroes of the middle ages. Capricious, violent, and unjust, in the prosecution of his voluptuous or ambitious designs ; he atoned for these vices, in the eyes of his coteremporaries, by qualities which their philosophy esteemed of paramount excellence ; he was brave, and profuse in his donations to the Church. Our Poet states with truth, that he founded the cathedral of St. Denys. His romantic compeer Octavian will be sought for in vain in the annals of sober history.

P. 3. *the sister of Dagobert.*] This circumstance is added from the English translation. (See Preface, p. 2.)

P. 8. *a neighbouring island.*] In the original, the infant is said to be carried off by a lion ; and the lioness happens to be nursing her cubs in the very island upon which the griffin alights. The English translation has been followed in this instance, as preserving somewhat more of the *vraisemblable*. We may suppose the cubs, who become the infant's companions, not to have been born till after the death of the griffin.

P. 11. *tearing him to pieces*] The protection afforded to the Queen by the lioness, will doubtless recal to the mind of the reader the Una of Spenser. It certainly is not impossible that the Poet may have seen our Romance at least in its English dress.

P. 17. *Sarrazins fors s'en etoient.*] Not to men-

tion the absurdity of supposing that the Saracens ever obtained any permanent footing in France, our Romancer has antedated their appearance in that country by nearly an hundred years. We do not meet with them in any part of it till 732, when, attacking the territories of Eudo, Duke of Aquitaine, they were defeated by the celebrated Charles Martel.

P. 18. *Tatellie, Rouple*] These are probably Atalia and Adrianople. The Bedouin Arab is immediately recognized in Boduin; but who the Aufridant may be is not altogether so clear.

P. 30. *Baudas*] is probably Bagdat. Addresses of this pious and courteous nature seem to have been no uncommon thing in the days of chivalry. A similar one is quoted by Mr. Ellis, from Guy, Earl of Warwick. (*Early Romances*, vol. ii. p. 42.) Many others might be pointed out. The Longinus here mentioned is stated in the more modern copies of the Pseudo Gospel of Nicodemus to have been the knight who pierced our Saviour's side upon the cross. (Nichodemus his Gospel, by J. Warrin, p. 27.) His life may be found in the Golden Legend.

P. 37. *a fierce Slavonian*] Can this be looked upon as a proof, that our Poet founded his Romance upon some traditionary stories concerning the wars in which Dagobert was actually engaged, or is it merely the result of ignorance and carelessness? Those who made no scruple of applying the name of Saracens indiscriminately to all who

were not Christians, would as little hesitate, where the rhyme demanded it, to substitute the name of any other Mahometan or Heathen people, for that of the Saracens.

P. 44. *li larons*] In the English translation, the Knight has a parley with the robbers; in which he relates how he rescued the child from an ape, and the robbers repeat his account to Clemens.

All that remains for the Editor to add is, that the name of the Author does not appear in any part of the poem. That it was written, however, in this country, seems probable, from the introduction of St. George as the champion of the Christian army. St. Denys had been, long before the time of its composition, the patron Saint of the French, and "Mon joye Saint Denys," their cry of battle. (See Henault Histoire de France, vol. i. p. 32.) His interposition, therefore, would most likely have been recurred to, had the work been written in that country.

There is one more circumstance, which, in justice to the writer of Octavian, ought not to be passed over without notice or commendation. His poem is singularly free from those indelicacies of thought and expression, which too frequently occur in the works of his cotemporaries; and the moral tendency of his fable is upon the whole unimpeachable. The readiness with which Marsibelle consents to leave her parent and countrymen is, perhaps, the only exception that could be taken on this score: and if we allow for the prejudices of an age, which held the desertion and maltreat-

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ment of Saracens, under any circumstances, as rather meritorious than otherwise, we shall not find it difficult to acquit our Poet at least of intentional immorality.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PREFACE. Page ii. lin. 11. *for* published in his collection
read published by him in the year 1803.

OCTAVIAN. Page 10. lin. 13. *for* bian *read* biau
—— 13. — 10. *for* envoieès *read* envoierès
—— — 12. *for* erit *read* ert
—— 21. — 19. and pp. 26. and 38. *for* Mont-
maitre *read* Montmartre
—— 32. note b *for* lays *read* lies
—— 42. lin. 3. *dele the comma after* endoc-
trinè

For these and some errors (chiefly of omission) in the punctuation, the Editor can apologize only by stating once more, that he is totally unaccustomed to the business of the press.

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